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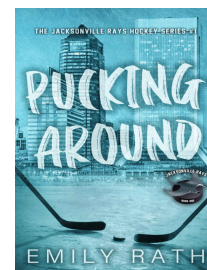
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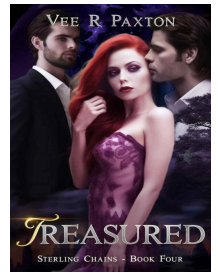
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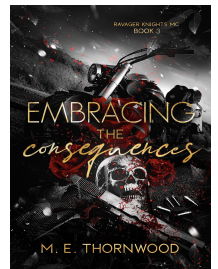
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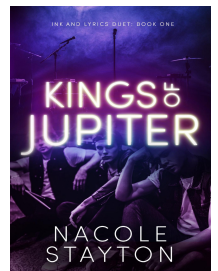
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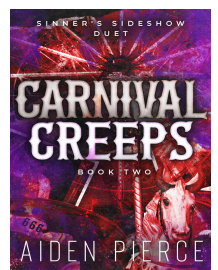
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BEAUTIFUL
Delusions

MADDISON COLE

BEAUTIFUL DELUSIONS

A DARK WHY CHOOSE UNIVERSITY ROMANCE

MADDISON COLE



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Beautiful Delusions

Maddison Cole

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For everyone who dreams to survive.

For every bookworm who reads to escape.



Trigger Warnings:

This is a Why Choose romance, meaning the female lead will have three love interests and refuse to pick only one. Dark themes such as schizophrenia, hallucinations, medication, depression and such are included. Expect excessive amounts of steam, violence and cursing throughout.

Tropes include enemies-to-lovers, high school bullies, forced proximity, power plays and multiple partner sex scenes.

Please Note:

Mental health is no laughing matter, and this author is acutely aware of the struggles so many of us face. This book is a piece of fiction, intended to entertain. Rest assured, in no way, shape or form, is Maddison suggesting anyone should stop taking their medication in the hopes three billionaire step brothers appear to drown you in dick. Please seek the advise of a medical professional before making any changes to your prescription.

Without further ado, please enjoy Sophia's story – which is 100% NOT a self-help guide.

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Chapter 1



Do you believe in déjà vu? How about the pre-emptive feeling something bad is about to happen? That's what I've had since the moment I opened my eyes.

The fourth university. The fourth chance to get things right. Staring at the ceiling, I search inside myself, trying to find the will to move. All it would take is one easy slide for my leg to slip out from beneath the covers, and my foot to hit the carpeted floor. But it's what comes after that has me seized in place. The darkness will seep in, plaguing me with whispers of failure. My fingers twitch for the nearest book I could lose myself in, but if I don't show up on the first day, I'll find myself thrown out once again. Struck with an impending panic attack, I just lie there, ramrod straight on my back.

"You know, there are a decent amount of ways you could make a living whilst lying on your back." A voice cuts through my thoughts. Not a real voice within the room, but one that emanates from inside my head. *"At least then you won't have to make an ass of yourself at this new fancy school. Not like the last one."* I shudder, batting my hand in her general direction. The figure in my peripheral quickly dissipates. There are certain instances where she appears, taunting me with fantastical ideas which usually end me up in more trouble.

"Besides, you never really wanted a master's degree anyway," the voice slips through my groaning once more. I roll my head aside. Her dark-haired mirage is leaning against my new dorm dresser, chewing on a wad of bubblegum and raising her eyebrow. Jazzie, in all her cocky, tattooed glory, looks at me knowingly with hazel eyes. *"This was your get-out-of-jail-free card. No one would blame you if you quit and spent the rest of your life with your legs in the air and covered in cum."* Okay, fine, I'm getting up.

Stumbling directly through her image, I search in the dark for the bathroom light. It was late when I arrived last night, my

roommate had already fallen asleep as I paced around outside with my headphones on, delaying the inevitable. This is my last chance to complete my master's; the last school which would accept my colorful record.

Locating the light and my make-up bag, I scramble for my pill bottles. *Klonopin* for anxiety, *Clozapine* for the rest. Any will do. Anything to calm the nerves, the voices. To clear my brain of the hallucinations which will plague me otherwise. It never used to be like this. Once upon a time, I had friends who weren't imaginary. Now I talk to myself for comfort.

Closing my hand around the first bottle, I give an instinctual shake. *Empty*. The next one, *empty*. Upending the bag into the basin, my brows furrow, a sinking feeling in the pit of my chest growing. Every single bottle is light and hollow. *No*. That can't be right; I had fresh refills only the day before yesterday.

"*I wonder how much your antipsychotics would fetch on the black market,*" that same feminine voice chuckles. I spin with a scowl. Highlights of silver in Jazzie's ruffled hair shimmer in the LEDs, black leather cinching her body in all the right places. The black ink spilling across her saturated skin seamlessly blends from one skull into the next, amidst a sea of shaded roses. I continue to stare, expecting her to flutter away from existence. Instead, she chews and pops her gum, the sound loud enough in my ears to make me flinch.

"Wait, what did you say?" My mind relays her words like a phone line with a bad connection. The. Black. Market. My gut plummets. My feet scrape across the tile as I drive through Jazzie this time, ripping my roommate's covers from the adjacent bed. Striking my fist onto the shadowed, lumpy outline, memory foam cushions my knuckles. I hit again and again, a shriek escaping me. I haven't even met the fucker I'm supposed to spend the rest of the semester with, and they've already *stolen* from me. My lungs squeeze, holding my last breath hostage.

I had it planned perfectly. I've spent weeks daydreaming about every inevitable situation, replaying it over and over. Pouring over the campus maps, working out the routes to best avoid large crowds. I've imagined what it'll be like to share a room again, and all the ways I can distract myself from their lingering presence.

"It's fine," I wheeze, attempting to reassure someone. I'm not exactly sure who. Collapsing on the bed, my legs automatically curl into a fetal position. "It's totally fine. I only need to attend the registration meeting this morning. Everything else was voluntary. It's just a couple of hours, and then I can grab some more meds before classes start tomorrow. It's just a couple of hours," I clench the covers in my fist, rocking gently. My biceps tremble until my diaphragm finally burns enough to release the air in a gust of relief. "Just a couple of hours."

"*You know as well as I do,*" Jazzie murmurs, "*the pharmacist won't replace your prescription so soon. Even if you didn't have to rely on the insurance, you're utterly fucked. And not in the good sense.*" I tune her out. Endless rage simmers so close to the surface, I could hurl this bed out of the closest window, myself joining right behind. The mental image is enough of a dampener to relax my shoulders.

This was supposed to be my fresh start. No one knows me here; no one needs to know the schizophrenic wreck I truly am. And with that thought in mind, I numbly force myself to wash, dress, shoulder my backpack, and storm out of the room.

Hordes of people line the hallway, a few stares catching my eye as I push my way through the middle, not bothering to strike up any conversations. As always, my blue hair falls forward to shield my face. A thick, straight curtain I hide behind, in the same pale aquamarine as my eyes. Stained carpets lead the way to a concrete stairwell, littered with so many discarded blobs of gum even Jazzie scoffs beside my ear.

"*What a waste,*" she mutters. I'm too busy trying to avoid each one like a rubbery maze waiting to ensnare my white Converse. If that wasn't bad enough, I'd hazard a guess the cleaners don't attend to the worn, once-cream railing and stained walls which smell too much like vomit and urine to be anything else. Seems I opted for the front, cleaner entrance when I arrived last night, or I never would have made it up to my room.

With a small stroke of luck, I don't think will continue, I make it to the ground floor and out the rear fire escape without a single mark on my sneakers or short denim skirt. I tug on the left sleeve of my oversized lilac sweater, a nervous habit I've developed to hide what's underneath. The sweater doesn't match the rest of my outfit, but I wasn't focused on fashion. Merely surviving Jazzie's judgmental stare.

The dorm block is a beast of brick and one of twelve, divided into male and female residences depending on which side of the main road you are on. I'd originally entered by foot on the far south side of campus, abandoned by bus and forced to trek through streams of frat houses and sororities. Or as I prefer to call them, '*Entitled Living for the Rich and Ridiculous*'. Now the morning sun dances across the campus, a central clock tower is visible in the distance. I follow a tarmac road towards the main buildings, keeping to the grassy bank, which provides no sidewalk. Headphones on, background drowned out.

I'm mentally visualizing the map in my mind's eyes when sports cars whizz by, containing a bunch of assholes shouting something incoherent from open-top roofs. I turn my face away, letting them pass by without the response they're seeking. Approaching the barriers of a huge parking lot, I duck right and take a detour. The trail is muddy and manmade, tracking a ten-foot fence to the lecture halls. Once I reach the end, I speed through carefully cultivated gardens, keeping my back to an outbuilding which contains the gym and swimming pool. Even from here, chlorine clogs the air and the gym-heads jog on by.

Setting my jaw, I tackle the maze of halls, taking a huge detour before I exit opposite where I'm going to hide most of the time—the main library. I almost cave, lulled in my the false pretense of no one being nearby. Climbing the stone stairs, I see

Jazzie waiting by the entrance, knowing smirk on her face. My nostrils flare. I can't let them win. So instead, I remove my headphones and stride for the student center next door. Seniors smile from the front desk, surrounded by more leaflets than workspace.

"Can I help you?" the girl asks before her male companion gets the chance. Both look too clean, too well put together for this time in the morning. All brunette hair, beaming smiles, and smart shirts holding name tags. Jazzie's voice flutters through my mind, advising me to ask where the nurse's office is. Nurses have drugs. We like drugs.

"No," I shake my head, wrinkling up my nose. Kyra, as her nametag states, raises her brows. "I mean yes, please. I'm looking for Dean O'Sullivan's office. I have a registration meeting at..." I trail off, catching sight of the large clock beyond the reception area. One. Hour. Ago. "Dammit it," I curse under my breath.

"I'm afraid the Dean had to attend to a situation and has back-to-back meetings for the rest of the day. I presume you're Sophia Chambers? This was left for you," she removes a large brown envelope from a drawer behind the desk. It's heavy, as I imagine the weight of my previous transcripts would be.

I peer inside just as Kyra begins to reel off everything I should have. Program module, timetable, equipment requirements, a reading list I'm expected to have completed, an invite to join the student government, and due to my situation—as she so kindly put it—a preloaded card for restaurants and cafes on site. As part of the agreement I signed electronically before being accepted here, I was told of the monthly allowance I would have access to under the terms of my specialist scholarship. Something I hope Kyra and no one else knows of. Gripping the envelope tightly, a wash of relief hits me as I turn towards the automatic doors. It's done, I'm free for the rest of the day.

"Miss Chambers?" a voice stops me as I'm about to leave. I turn my head, startled by the clicking of heels growing closer.

"Um...yes?" I swallow hard. The woman keeps advancing, directly into my personal space. Holding out a poised palm, her smile is as tight as the bun pulling back her dark hair. I hesitantly shake her hand.

"I'm so glad I caught you. Lorna Mitchell, Assistant Dean. Call me Lorna, everyone does. Can I have a word?" Jerking her head towards the hallways she's approached from, my eyes widen. I've had video calls with Dean O'Sullivan; I've read his online bio. I don't know Lorna Mitchell.

"It won't take long," Lorna senses my hesitation. Kyra is watching intently from the desk, clearly expecting me to make a run for it. Ducking my head, I follow Lorna to an office without a window. No escape, I realize as the door is closed behind me. "Relax Sophia, I don't bite." Ignoring Lorna's small laugh, my eyes trail over her office.

"I don't handle surprises well," I mutter to myself. Polished mahogany furniture, shelves lined with leather-bound books, university memorabilia in a glass cabinet. Framed degrees hang on the sickly floral wallpaper, surrounding a doctorate in the center.

"I specialize in psychology," Lorna announces proudly, although I find myself under her watchful gaze. Fantastic. Gripping the envelope to my chest, I sit in the intended chair, using it as a barrier between the Assistant Dean and my beating heart. Jazzie settles cross-legged on the floor, stroking what appears to be an evil kitty.

"Now then," Lorna smiles tightly again. I vaguely wonder if it's the harshness of her hairstyle or the tight bodice of her pantsuit restricting her from showing true emotion. "I felt it important for us to get to know one another and set up regular weekly meetings so you have a safe place to talk. Adjustments can be tricky, but you can always request to see me when needed." I don't respond, a lump forming in my throat. I know better than anyone how 'tricky' adjustments can be. That's why I do everything in my power to pre-empt them.

"It's healthy to know someone is on hand, even if it's just to touch base. We have a wealth of counselors and student groups dedicated to mental health, but I thought you might prefer something a little more...intimate."

"You know of my history." My cheeks flare. I shouldn't be embarrassed, and it was foolish to think my details were only shared with the Dean himself. Lorna doesn't shrink away from the conversation like I do.

"I'm on the board of directors. We all discussed your request to be placed in a dormitory on your own." My brows immediately furrow, my tongue let loose before I can catch it.

"So it's your fault," I snap out of nowhere. Lorna doesn't flinch, but I do. "Sorry. I just—it's just easier when I'm on my own. It would have caused me a lot less stress if I had a place of solace."

"I do understand, especially given your past," Lorna appears sympathetic. It quickly vanishes. "However, the last university you attended had to pry you out of your room. You missed classes on a daily basis and barricaded yourself in with a wall of books. Socializing may not come easily to you, but it could help to have some encouragement. Your roommate has been carefully chosen to ensure you're encouraged to go to class and study." I scoff. Yeah, my roommate is a thieving fucking saint. An emotion crosses Lorna's face, which is too close to pity for my liking. "We all want what's best for you, Sophia."

"Understood," I nod woodenly. "Weekly meetings and a roommate to force me out of my room. Is that everything?" Jazzie looks up at my face, booming with pride. I'm not being rude intentionally, but once the mask of fear slips, there's nothing underneath to cushion my mood. I'm a shell of regret and irritation unless my head is in a book. Lorna doesn't stop my exit, telling me to make our appointment at the reception as the door slips closed between us. I do just that, with the alternative being that Lorna will track me down with surprise meetings I can't prepare for.

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Nodding my thanks to Kyra, I leave on numb legs, pausing outside the electronic doors. Classes don't start until tomorrow, but I wish I had the distraction now. Looking towards the library, I feel the tug. The pull of a thousand worlds ready to be unleashed on my mind, to fill my dreams with words where acceptance comes so easily. Where love truly exists. I'm halfway there without realizing it when my shoe skids to a stop, a small voice reaching my ears.

"Billions of ice and rock fragments. Billions of ice and dust. No, wait...was it..." Peering around the corner, an alcove against the student block becomes visible. Wooden in structure, a pointed roof shrouded in layers of wisteria, white as jasmine and swaying gently over the entrance. Through the gaps, I see her sitting on a bench only big enough to seat two. A timid girl with bunched shoulders. Thin, pale, and wringing the strap of a handbag in her lap, chewing on her marred bottom lip. "Yes, that's it. The fragments are torn apart by Saturn's gravity. Billions of ice and rock fragments coated in dust form the rings. I think. Oh fuck, wait no—"

I step closer, intent on asking if she's okay when I hear that tell-tale sound. The shake of a plastic bottle, the pop of a cap. I still, my heart kicking up a beat. Using her bag as a shield, she can't hide the small blue pill in her open palm from me.

"Is that Valium?!" I'm unable to hold myself back, bursting through the flowers to invade her sanctuary. She yelps, flinching as if she can also see Jazzie in my peripheral, swirling a baseball bat around. Plastering a look of concern on my face, I lower beside her knees. A stranger filled with compassion, only looking out for her wellbeing.

"*Yeah, right,*" Jazzie chuckles in my head. A series of unnerving instructions follow to get that pill at any cost.

"It...it's my last one, and I need to relax if I'm going to be able to study. Professor Harrison always starts the semester with a quiz." The girl is shaking, riddled with an anxiety I know all too well. The blonde in her hair has grown out, brown roots tracing her scalp to where it's tucked behind her ears. Her eyes are wide, glazed as if she might just burst into tears, and her entire being would turn into a puddle at my feet.

"I hear you. Tests can be stressful, but believe me," I shift to sit by her side, eyeing the pill in her open palm, "you're strong. You've already studied, right?" She nods. "Then you must believe in yourself, face your fears, and prove you're worth more than your nerves allow."

Relaying back what multiple therapists have told me, my responding smile is watery, hiding my desperation. This is for her own good. Maybe a little encouragement is all she needs. Fuck knows, all I need is right there, inches away, with a V printed on the pill.

"Here, let me dispose of that for you. No one needs to know." I slowly raise my fingers. She sits a little straighter, tracking my movements like a rabbit about to bolt. I'm cautious, not once rushing. Not when my own hand begins to shake, an eager sweat breaking out across my brow. My pinkie grazes her wrist, jolting her into action. Her palm moves within a blink, that precious blue pill thrust into her mouth and swallowed on a whimper. I gape at her.

"*She's going to run for it,*" Jazzie warns as the girl clings to her bag and does just that. Although, she's not fast enough. Fisting her hair, my actions aren't my own as she shrieks, and I hastily cover her mouth.

"You must know where to get more. Tell me," I ground out, intent on dragging her body a step back into the shadows of the building. Adrenaline burns through my muscles with the effort to hold her in place, while Jazzie's voice in my head coaxes me onward. '*Wring the answers from her. Show her who you really are.*' I shudder, realizing what I'm doing. This isn't who I really am, or at least not who I want to be. Preparing to release the poor girl, muttering sounds through my hand.

"There's a party," she rasps as I give her an inch to speak. "Tonight, Thorn Manor. Ask for Lucas. He...he can get you whatever you want." Her large eyes are full of tears as she looks up at me, the fear I'm pouring into her working against her Valium. Releasing her, I duck back into the alcove, hiding long after she's fled. Raking my hands through my blue hair, I pace around Jazzie, ignoring the approval she tries to give. She can't keep making me do that. I'm not supposed to be that person anymore.

Clinging to the hope the girl won't squeal to the nearest person who will listen, I calm my erratic breathing. In for three, out for five, until my chest unclenches. Lucas can get whatever I want. That's the new focus. I have a whole day until this party, until any hopes of getting some form of release. Snatching up my brown envelope from the ground, I root around inside for my café card and hold it like a lifeline. If I don't have drugs, I'll take the next best thing. Coffee.

Chapter 2



“What do you mean, my card isn’t *valid*?! I just got it,” I seethe over the counter. My knuckles are white, and nostrils are fully flared. Some preppy douchebag, with his polo shirt buttoned to the top, holds up a finger, placing a quick call before coming back to me.

“The cards are valid from the first day of full enrolment,” he looks me up and down like I have fleas, “which for you is tomorrow.” The scent of caffeine, the clang of machinery, the hiss of steam all mock me as I hold up the line. Bunching my shoulders, I scowl, silently wishing a violent case of diarrhea on this asshole before stalking away. No drugs, no fucking coffee. What’s next? Slamming my hands into the glass door, my sneakers hit the ground harder than necessary. There’s only one place left to go.

Once more, Jazzie is waiting at the top of the library steps. I should have given up and come here in the first instance. Poised within a pointed archway, framed by intricate stone carvings, I need to use my weight against the wooden door for it to creak open. This building, like the clock tower across the courtyard, must be one of the last remaining from the original campus. Slipping inside, several floors of railings meet my gaze.

Connected by winding staircases, I find myself in the center, levels bellowing out into the ground below as well as towering above. Grand chandeliers glimmer against brass railings, the tarnished color at odds with the wrinkled and cracked spines of first editions. Dust circulates the scent of aged paper. The breath is knocked from me long before someone shoves open the door, slamming into my back. Growling, I shuffle forward.

My mind is distracted as I approach the main desk, scribbling out my details on a registration form. The bookcases, the shelves. So many shelves. So many spines waiting for their stories to be revealed. This is where I feel safe. Where worlds of

heartbreak and angst await. This is where I feel sane.

“Sophia,” a harsh voice snaps. I whip my head back to the woman behind the desk, her plaque naming her as Head Librarian - Mrs. Russell.

“Um, did you say something?” I blink rapidly. The gray-haired woman is well past retirement age, her back hunched from the weight of carrying heavy paperbacks for the past forty-odd years. The kind who will work here until she’s forced out by new management, and then probably volunteer to dust the banisters until she dies. I grow dazed, realizing I can see myself becoming the next Mrs. Russell. Her bones creak like the bookshelves as she snatches the pen from my hand.

“I’m locking up at ten sharp, whether you’re in or out. If you spill tea on a book, you pay for its replacement,” her gnarled finger points to a table across the platform. It’s simple, foldable on metal legs with a cloth draped over the plastic top. A singular hot water tank steams beside a random assortment of mugs, mostly chipped, an open box of tea bags, a jug of milk, and a heap of sweetener packets fulfilling the complimentary refreshments. Not coffee, but I’ll take whatever I can get at this point.

Accepting my new library card, I fix a tea and lose myself amongst the shelves. Two levels down, I find what I’m looking for. Dark romance, typically in a seedy, shadowed section with a beanbag in the corner. I don’t dare touch it, not without my UV light to inspect it first. Lifting out a random book, the first one I spot with ‘wrath’ in the title, I settle cross-legged on the floor where Jazzie is already waiting. Prying open the front cover, I release a heavy sigh, emptying my mind as I dive in.

The lights go out. I jolt, splashing cold tea over the rim of the mug, pattering the denim of my skirt. As long as it didn’t stain the pages—that’s all I care about. It takes a moment of reeling to realize I’m on the last few chapters of the book in my hand, time lost to me as much as my hold on reality. It’s not uncommon for me to check out completely. Not when fiction is where my heart thrives.

Blinking through purple-rimmed glasses, I don’t remember pulling out of my bag, I squint at the overhead lights. The bulbs glow faintly as they cool, fading into darkness. A few levels above, light seeps from elongated windows, spiraling the railing like a ring of everlasting sunset. The breeze drifts downward, cutting through the balmy air with a blissful caress. No wonder it was so easy to lose myself in a world so distant from this one.

Placing down the mug, I uncurl my legs from beneath me on the floor. Laying the book down, pages splayed over my thighs, I stretch in half, holding my toes to work some feeling back into my legs. Then I draw them back into a cross-seated position, and I roll my neck. Jazzie mirrors my every movement, leaning against the opposite shelves, one brow cocked. I know what she’s thinking—obviously—I’ve heard it before. A uni grad student like myself should be outside, *living my life*. Well, life generally sucks, and I’m happy exactly where I am. As long as it’s quiet and I’m medicated....*shit*. The time. The party.

Jumping upright, panic floods my system. My movements are jaunted as I drag myself up the shelves, pausing to slip the book back in its rightful place. Then I’m down the aisle as fast as my feet will allow. I’ve missed it. I’ve fucked it. My chance to get more meds.

Today was difficult enough, and getting through tomorrow will be impossible. The weight of oppression crashes down on my shoulders, a blaring of a siren sounding between my ears. Pins and needles race from my toes to calves, forcing me to hobble. The skirt grazes my thighs, in direct contrast with the baggy lilac sweatshirt covering me from neck to wrists. Too hot. Too itchy against my taunt skin. I’ve fucking fucked it all.

Slam.

A hard body sends me flying backward. I hit the ground, pain slicing along my back as my assailant stands firm. Unaffected. The fading sunlight frames his broad shoulders, his jersey too baggy to reveal what’s underneath. But I felt it. The solid muscle, the radiating power. I wait for him to move or speak, to offer me a hand. A mess of light hair shifts so slightly. His head tilt could merely be a trick of the shadows, but somehow I don’t think so.

“Who are you?” His voice is like melted butter, too smooth. I vaguely wonder if he’s real, or a figment of my vivid imagination. But I feel the drag of his gaze on my bare legs, which have remained at an awkward angle and giving his heated stare full access.

“*There’re two ways this is going to play out,*” Jazzie shuffles closer on her knees. She appears bright amongst the shelves, as if she has her own light source, and drapes an arm over my shoulders. “*You can fight him or fuck him. Either one will give you the release your precious drugs would have otherwise provided.*” I balk, blinking hard in the hopes she’ll disappear. My attacker is yet to move while my mind plays out the scenario, “*You’ve missed the party anyway. Might as well use the goods at your disposal.*” Jazzie leans forward and grabs his junk roughly. My eyes widen until he clears his throat as I realize I was staring straight at his dick.

Clambering to my feet, I brush myself down. Two sets of eyes are on me, one real and one imaginary. I can hardly breathe, the burden in my chest overbearing. If I walk away now, head back to my dorm, I’ll lie awake all night. Replaying how I wished this encounter had gone. I’m new here, no one knows me. He doesn’t know my past. He’ll only see the person I present now, and first impressions are everything.

“I could be whoever you want me to be,” I pull a smile from the depths of my psyche. Jazzie smiles approvingly, slinking out of sight. This close up, the faintest scent of apple and an underlying musk drifts through me, like cider on a summer’s night.

“Excuse me?” he scoffs, folding his arms. Biceps bulge over a basketball jersey, his stance wide against the slip of light I have left. He’s athletic, strong. Probably able to bench press me and keep the cocky tilt of his head while he does it. A fuckboy, no doubt, and luckily that’s what I’m in the market for. A quick release to get me through until my next fix. Closing the gap between us, I force myself to embody the female character who lives rent free in my head.

“We’re alone, in the dark, and I’m bored.” I summon confidence from deep within, trailing my fingers over his shoulder where the jersey cuts short, his skin smooth and blemish free. He might as well be a delusion. Uncrossing his arms, the sheer size of him has my heart thumping loud enough for us both to hear it. He absorbs the very air around us. Even without seeing him properly, the way he holds himself tells me what I need to know. He’s freaking gorgeous and knows it.

“I’m not into nerds,” he slides my glasses off and places them on a nearby shelf. “I only came in here to restock my paper stash.” Diving a hand into his pocket, he produces a wad of rolled pages, all torn roughly. A fissure cracks through my heart, but I don’t let it show. He smokes, most likely weed, meaning he’s a friend I need to keep close. This stubborn ball-player might just be able to see me through my final semester. Then I’m a free woman.

“I’m not into asshole jocks, but somehow, I think we both can pretend otherwise for a little while.” Brazenly, my fingers continue to travel over his biceps, along his arms. Moving with the swiftness of a cheetah, my wrists are grabbed, and I’m shoved back a step against the bookcase.

“You proposition me and then have the balls to call me an asshole?” he growls. I smile encouragingly.

“I’m Sophia,” I bat my lashes. His grip on my wrists tightens. Yes, I think to myself. This is the distraction I need. The release I crave. Dropping his head, close enough for his breath to tangle with mine, for his strong jaw to brush my cheek, he pauses. Sizing me up, studying the heavy rise and fall of my chest. If only he could see my nipples through this heavy sweater, he’d understand how ready I am to be ruined. Corrupted. Defiled.

“Now you give me your name,” I coax.

“Nah. You’re definitely not my type.” Using his grip to shove himself back and stride away, red coats my vision. Shame heats my cheeks. Holy crap. What the fuck was I thinking—throwing myself at a stranger in the dark? Nothing, that’s what. I wasn’t thinking at all. And it’s that same empty numbness pulsing through my veins which has my Converse appearing in my hand and tumbling away from me in a full-bodied throw. The sneaker hits him in the back of the head.

“The fuck—” his growl is cut short by a round of laughter. Shadows appear at his back. This time, I’m certain they’re not from my imagination.

“I believe your new friend wants your attention, Ezra,” another male voice seeps from the darkness. I can’t see them, can’t tell how many there are, but a symphony of low chuckles grows in volume, gritty and rough like dirt being kicked up from the ground. Whatever parallel universe I’d been in, where fear and lust mingled, vanishes. My true senses return in their entirety.

“She can have my attention if she likes,” another voice sounds. Filled with mirth, not half as deep and rumbling as the last. A ball forms in my throat.

“You know what? I have somewhere else to be. So, I’m just gonna…” my voice trails off as I fail to find a way to say ‘*run for my fucking life*’. Instead, I just do it.

Chapter 3



I'd already left the main courtyard before remembering my backpack. Forgotten on the library floor, I make a mental note to head back first thing in the morning to retrieve it. For now, though, I'm left without my phone, dorm keys, and my legs covered in scratches from the library window I'd managed to dive out of. I barely feel them through the tremors of withdrawal and embarrassment causing me to stomp too heavily. But I refuse to stop running.

In my haste, I lose sight of the trail I was supposed to take, thundering forward in the hopes those stoners find someone better to play with. I still can't believe what I allowed myself to do, and now all my hopes are pinned on my roommate still being awake. Only, when I emerge from the other path I sped down, I can't see the dorm buildings.

I draw to a quick stop before two rows of frat houses instead. All are quiet and dark, except the whitewashed walled structure halfway down the street. That one is glowing from the inside out, while music pulsates through the air. Laughter and chatter mingle with the bass. Nearing on numb feet, I swallow hard. Letters carved over the doorway fill me with a surge of trepidation.

Thorn Manor. It's not too late. The party is still going in full swing.

People spill out onto the front lawn. The energy is infectious, despite my hesitation of being around so many other people. My instincts are telling me to seek out the reprieve of my dorm building, but leaving now wouldn't help my cause. I need something; a temporary high to get me through the next day or so. I won't survive otherwise.

Besides, no one is looking at me. Words are slurring, and visions appear hazy. I'm a nobody amongst the masses, and with the gentle press of Jazzie in the back of my mind, I suddenly find myself at the front door. Drawn in like a moth to a flame, liveliness reverberates through my body.

Inside, the air is thick with the scent of alcohol and sweat. Bodies move in synchronized chaos, passing around drinks. People are making out on any available surface. One group is containing a small fire on the coffee table in a lavish living area and cheering as each one drops another item into the center of it.

Jazzie leads me onward, further through the crowds and into the heart of Thorn Manor. The music grows louder as we descend a flight of stairs, leading us to a basement filled with even more dancers. The room is transformed into a makeshift nightclub, bodies pressed together, moving to the pounding beat. Neon lights flash across the dimly lit room, casting vibrant hues on the unknown faces. My temples clench tightly.

"Nope, no thanks." I back out. Regardless of what's brought me to be here, that's too many people in too small a space. Staggering back into the lobby, my stomach rolls. For the second time tonight, I can't believe I've allowed myself to enter a viper's nest. Desperation to rid myself of this anxious itch is pushing me into even more triggering situations, and so the spiral continues.

"*You have to play the part,*" Jazzie chastises me, appearing at my side. Her leather dress is tight-fitting and dips far too low into her sternum. I look down at my own outfit—a baggy sweater, short skirt and one muddy foot which will definitely need some medical attention later. "*You can't waltz into a party and start demanding for a drug dealer. Smile, flutter your lashes. It'll get you further, trust me.*" I twist behind a huge central staircase, stealing a moment to myself. She's right, I need to be discrete but appealing.

Straightening my sweater, kicking off my other sneaker, and flicking my straight, blue hair over my shoulder, I re-emerge to throw flirty smiles and winks out like hooks amongst the fishes. Never mind that I'm still panting from my midnight sprint, or reeling over the need to curl up in a ball and cry. Confidence is key, and that's what begins drawing a pack of hot guys towards me. I don't let them get too close, slipping through a set of French sliding doors to the back patio before I start to hyperventilate.

It's much less crowded and easier to breathe out here, the rounded patio a much-needed solid base beneath my feet. Beside an oval swimming pool, a table is covered in a black cloth and all kinds of spirits and drinks. I'm not supposed to drink on my meds, but I'm also not going to survive this night sober. A bartender in a slick shirt rolled up to the elbows is spinning glasses and bottles around him in an impressive display, drawing us closer.

"What can I get you?" he asks, handing a bright pink cocktail to another guest, complete with cherry and umbrella.

"One of those would do the trick." I nod assertively. I watch the bartender repeat his juggling act, his eyes flicking to me curiously every few seconds. I know what he's thinking; I've heard it before. 'Why's a pretty girl like you by herself?' People assume my fuller lips and pale blue eyes, my long legs, and lithe shape should be enough to gain me popularity. But I can't keep long-term friends from the habit of shutting everyone out. Accepting my drink, I sip it gingerly. I haven't eaten much today to justify knocking it back and grabbing for another.

Suddenly, arms grip me from behind, dragging me sideways. A scream is torn from my throat as air whooshes past my ears, the glass flying from my hand. Colliding with the pool, the iron grip clinging onto my mid-section doesn't loosen, holding me beneath the water. Bubbles escape my mouth as I cry out, writhing in the banded arms. As my lungs begin to ache, a slice of dread takes over, forcing my elbow to connect with a strong jaw. Releasing me at last, I frantically kick upwards, making sure to hit my attacker once more along the way.

Breaching the surface, laughter rings out all around the pool's edge. I swim to a metal ladder, pulling my weight up whilst ignoring the multiple smartphones being shoved in my face. The crowd automatically departs, allowing my gaze to settle on a guy reclining in a sun lounger with sunglasses on, despite the moon being directly overhead. What a douche.

"I'm glad you seem amused," I seethe when he does nothing but smirk at me. I tug on my left sleeve, awkward beneath the weight of his, and everyone else's, attention.

"That's what happens to uninvited guests, I'm afraid," he says before downing the contents of his whiskey glass. A golden chain hangs over his white t-shirt beneath an open leather jacket, dark jeans hugging his legs above a pair of unlaced timberlands. Girls are fawning over him, massaging different areas of his body.

A figure bursting upwards from the water makes me flinch, an unnecessary amount of water being splashed over my legs. His legs move back and forth, keeping him afloat as I notice the basketball jersey floating around his muscled arms. A mop of dark blond hair is plastered to his head, his eyes boring into mine with more than a little hatred. It's him, from the library. *Ezra*.

Of all the stupid reasons, for the love of unbroken opinions, my first thought upon seeing him is...he didn't bring my damn shoe. He's halfway up the ladder when a white flash of rage comes over me, striking my heel into his chest. He slips, caught off guard and splashes back beneath the surface. Some people cheer, most gasp, and that's when I know, I've really fucked up. A hand slips through the crowd, grabbing my wrist and dragging me away. I sense the douche watching me leave from beneath his sunglasses, although he makes no move to stop me. Why would he?

The hand doesn't stop tugging until we're back in the manor, rounding the stairs. A head of strawberry blonde hair bobs ahead, a sickly-sweet voice muttering to herself. Reaching a bedroom, she orders the threesome currently taking place on the ottoman to get lost. Strangely enough, they obey, leaving just the two of us alone.

"I don't know what you did to piss Ezra off, but a word to the wise, don't do it again," she raises a single brow at me

before breaking into a huge smile. "I'm Letty." Her hand slips into mine, giving it an involuntary shake.

"Um, hi. I'm Sophia," I lower my head as if I'm ashamed of my own name. Somehow, despite the crowds which were just surrounding me, it's Letty's closeness which unnerves me the most. Her energy is expansive, drawing any I had left directly from my soul.

"Come on, let's get you cleaned up. You look like shit," she giggles. Leaving me against the closed door, Letty rummages through some drawers, then a wardrobe and lastly, looks under the bed. "Here you go," she deposits a heap of material into my arms, topped with glittering chunky heels.

After being directed to a bathroom, any debate I had dies on my tongue as I see the mirror. Damn, I do look like shit. My makeup is smudged, my hair is a tangled mess, and there are bruises forming on my arms from the struggle in the pool. My eyes drop to the glittery dress I've been supplied, already knowing I can't wear that. It's too...exposed. But that's a future me problem.

Stripping out of my wet clothes, I shiver as the cold air hits my skin before stepping into the shower. I should be in more of a rush, but once the heated water touches my skin, I lose all sense of place and time. Letting the warmth wash away the chlorine, I wait out the fear still lingering in my psyche. Outside this spray, there are hordes of students waiting. Watching for what I might do next. There's an asshole who called me out for being a stranger and another who threw me into the pool. My legs shake, threatening to give out. I'm trapped. In the middle of a nightmare with no way to escape.

Breathe, Sophia. Jazzie sounds in my mind. She doesn't appear in the bathroom or when I'm at my most vulnerable, but she's still there in the back of my head. *Stop thinking and breathe.*

"I c-c-can't. I can't, I-I can't," my voice tremors. My chest spasms, causing the rest of my limbs to shake. I know these signs. I need to reel myself in because there's no stopping the avalanche once it tips over the edge of the mountain. In the midst of my labored breathing, the bathroom walls start to close in on me. The once soothing water now feels suffocating, as if it's trying to drown me instead of washing away my fears. I claw at the tiled walls, desperately trying to find an anchor, something to ground me and pull me back from the abyss. But the panic engulfs me, swallowing me whole. My vision blurs and the sound of rushing water transforms into a deafening roar. I'm drowning, not in a pool of chlorine, but in the sea of my own turmoil.

"The fuck?" a voice cuts through the void. I vaguely realize the shower door is opening, but there's no time or strength to cover myself. The water abruptly halts. Strong arms gather me up from the crumbled position on the floor I didn't realize I was in. My skin is raw and tender from where I've unknowingly scrubbed myself too hard, unable to shake off the image of Ezra's furious eyes. He's not going to forgive any of my actions from tonight, and as far as social suicide goes, I reckon I've just signed my own death warrant.

"You're safe," a deep voice grumbles, the vibration rolling beneath my cheek. I think he meant to be kind, but aided by a fierce kick to slam the door closed, the valiant rescue comes off as a huge inconvenience. I cower, naked and vulnerable, against his chest. The vulnerability is overwhelming, but there's also a strange sense of comfort in his embrace. His touch is gentle as if he understands the fragile state of my being. Keeping the lights dimmed and wrapping me in a fluffy towel, he places me on the bed. I resist looking up at his towering outline. My panic attack subsides straight back into a state of fear. I've been in some awkward situations in my life; naked and wet on a bed with a stranger isn't one of them.

Whatever the fuck you do, Jazzie comments in my ears, *do not proposition him.* I could scowl at her. She's the reason I'm in this mess.

"You must think I'm really stupid." I take a shaky breath, steadying myself as I meet his gaze. His eyes, too dark to discern a color, hold a glimmer of something too akin to understanding. I shrink into myself. It's as if he can see through my carefully constructed facade, stripping me bare of the layers of deflection I've spent years putting in place. I'm the pretty girl that hides in books; that's my personality. But the way he's lingering over me now, I wish I seemed like more. That I was more.

"Not stupid. Disorientated," he finally speaks. I wish I could say the rumbling sound cutting through the air didn't make me flinch. Today is a bad day for me, and the entire school has witnessed the extent of my weakness. "I suppose this is what you came here for." Pulling a small plastic bag from his pocket, the glint of the moon highlights a singular small, rounded pill. I gasp, trying to snatch it.

"How did you—" He flicks the bag just out of my reach.

"When my lab partner missed our study session, I found her cowering in a lecture hall. Apparently, some new girl with blue hair attacked her for a Valium. The same girl with blue hair who tried to seduce Ezra in the library. I must say, if you want to be more discreet, I'd consider a different dye job."

I don't comment further as I slum back against the headboard. A part of me wants to walk out of here and never look back, but that part never shouts loud enough. My eyes track the small pill, my throat too tight to swallow. After everything I've been through today, I can't leave without it all being for a reason.

"This is my room," he raises a singular brow, "and like I said, you're safe here. I'll man the door while you do whatever it is you need to do." Tossing the small packet at me, he strides to the door with long, graceful footsteps. His jeans are fitted to perfection, his dark t-shirt a snug fit. I already knew he was muscular from the way he carried me like I weighed nothing.

"I hope you find the fix you're looking for, Sophia." He gives me a last spearing look before slipping out the door. The click

between us is final, ringing out throughout the darkened room. The sound of the party is still going in full swing beyond the window; singing, laughing, and splashing. I wish I could say I didn't grab that plastic bag as soon as I'm convinced I've been left utterly alone, but I'd be lying. More than ever, I need the release. To escape the cage of my mind. To forget all the stupid shit I've done. My fingers shake as I place the pill onto my tongue and swallow without the need for water. Call it the placebo effect, but my limbs instantly melt, my chest rising fully for the first time. I manage to grab the hem of the cover, rolling myself over like a sausage roll, towel, and all.

Well, what a turn today took, Jazzie comments. I grunt in agreement, snuggling down for the deepest sleep I could possibly have in a stranger's bed.

Chapter 4



“Rise and shine!” The clanging of a wooden spoon on a saucepan jerks me from a restless dream. I might as well not slept at all, the comedown from the valium hitting me like a ton of bricks. It’s not that I’m an addict depending on my next hit. More like the serenity of a quiet mind is all the more noticeable when it’s absent. The clanging abruptly stops, the pillow ripped away, and the morning light bursting through open curtains sears my retinas.

“Aww, come on, Feisty One, I’ve got a present for you.” I groan at that voice, wishing it was all just a vicious nightmare. The douchebag from the pool lounge. Cracking an eye, I glare at his well-rested boyish charm.

“Fuck off. I’m not in the mood,” I scowl. He merely laughs.

“Suppose you don’t want this then?” Lifting an orange pill bottle, one of my own I recognize, he rattles the two pills sitting in the bottom. I lurch upright, almost headbutting him in the face. Trying to snatch the bottle, he’s fast to jerk it aside, playfulness dancing in his features. His shock of auburn hair seems brighter today, a stunning correlation to the gleam in his eyes.

“Na ah, you need to earn it,” he singsongs. My walls instantly shut down. Suddenly, not even Jazzie could convince me to care less about selling a piece of my soul for a temporary high. It isn’t me who would suffer the consequences, but all of those around me. Crossing my arms, a baggy vest rubs against my nipples, a pair of boxers snugly fitting around my ass. Wait, who the fuck dressed me while I was passed out? My eyes drop to the hideous, raised scar on my forearm at the same time his do, and I’m quick to hide my arms beneath the covers. Luckily, he doesn’t ask the question passing through his features.

“Breakfast is on the table. We’ve got a full day ahead before you get these,” he shakes the pill bottle again. A noose around my neck, firmly attached to a leash. The rattle lasts in my head long after he’s skipped, *literally skipped*, out of the room,

echoing around the dullness of my senses. Who am I kidding? At this point, there isn't much I haven't done in the name of embarrassing myself and claiming back my meds.

Breakfast, as the douchebag called it, is a feast fit for the frat house. He's sitting at the top end of the table, alongside all those they deem worthy enough to join. Unsurprisingly, there is no spare seat for me.

"Right here, baby." He pushes back to pat his thigh. You've got to be kidding me.

"Go to hell," I scowl, turning for the main door. Hands grab me instantly, the scraping of chairs drowning out my screams as every minion who recently sat quietly eating now drags me towards the head of the table. I'm no match for their strength, but that doesn't stop me fighting back with Jazzie mentally cheering me on. My limbs flail wildly until I'm ultimately dumped on his lap. The man in question is grinning as widely as Jazzie, who appears leaning across his shoulders. Perhaps I should behave to get my pills back.

I know you feel that bulge as much as I do, Jazzie winks.

"There. That's not so bad, is it?" The douchebag chuckles to his comrades on either side. Ezra is glaring at me with such disdain I can practically taste it. On the other side, a male sits silently, as if nothing exists except his bowl of fruit, yogurt, and granola. The guy caging me pulls a similar version my way, leaving the platters of steaming freshly baked goods down the other end of the table.

"Eat up," Ezra barks. I flip him off. A deep vibration resonates against my lower back. Apparently, I'm amusing my captor.

"Or don't," he leans forward to breathe into my ear. "Your insolence is the quickest way to make me rock hard." I balk, making a move to flee. The minions, who have remained stationary at his back, step forward to forcefully hold me in place. Hands pin my wrists beside his thighs, the vest and boxers being pulled in all the wrong directions. Reaching around me, a spoonful of what I can only describe as rabbit food is lifted towards my mouth.

"Open wide like a good girl, and I might fill you with something else."

"*Promises, promises,*" Jazzie muses. She settles into Ezra's lap across the table, picking up a strawberry. She only pauses long enough to spit her gum across the table into Senior Stoic's bowl and then pops it into her mouth. I watch her in real time, my eyes unfocusing from those glaring my way. I'm insane. Clinically undeniably insane.

"*The best of us are,*" she smirks. At the same time, the spoon is nudged against my lips. Once, twice. Persistently knocking. Jazzie winks again, a wicked gleam in her eyes. Watching, waiting. I can hear her thoughts loud and clear. Maybe I am insane, but I reckon the best protagonists are. Opening my mouth, the spoon glides in effortlessly. Muesli and bark scrape my tongue, incredibly dry and completely tasteless.

"That's it, Feisty One," he praises, stroking my hair. The hands at my wrists relax, and my mouth clamps down around the spoon. *Game on.* Jerking my chin violently, the metal is torn from his grip. I don't bother spitting it out, spinning before the douchebag can preempt my next move. Before he can foresee the spoon handle being thrust into his eye with a move, I usually reserve for blowjobs. My fingers are in his crotch next, grabbing for whatever comes to hand first. Squeezing, twisting, yanking. He squeals like a pig in a butcher shop, and I don't wait around to see if I've done any lasting damage.

Flanked by Jazzie, I wriggle through the minion's grabby hands. The assault of my own mind blurs within the hollers of those scrambling for my agile body, but I'm too busy ducking, skidding across the floor to where Jazzie is beckoning me towards the door. Sweet freedom lies beyond, a paved walkway between luscious green grass. The perfectly smooth tarmac and a short run back to the safety of my dorm.

Five steps from the door, my heart leaps. Three steps, and a smile spreads across my face. One step—blinding pain erupts at the back of my skull. I scream, grabbing for the hair now fisted tight in a meaty hand. Endless dark eyes glare down at me, a never-ending void that makes it impossible to settle on where to look.

"I understand you are new around here," he growls, and my stomach drops. I recognize that voice. "But it is a privilege to be invited to stay in this house. When you're given an order, you do not fight. You don't resist. You sit quietly, eat your damn breakfast, and remember your fucking manners." Using his grip on my hair, he drags me back to the center of the dining room I hadn't bothered to look at much until now.

Incredibly high ceilings seem to sparkle beyond crystal chandeliers, every wall and fixture in opulent white. Too clean for a group of young men to live in, too pristine to be used for wild parties. The only colors are soft dashes of gray in the velvet curtains and throughout the furniture. The dining table itself, now I look beyond the plates, is a slab of marble in silver and slate.

I'm held at the far end of the dining room, forced to stare at the douchebag who acts like Lord of the castle, still in his seat at the head of the table with a stupid grin on his face.

"Now, say thank you to Lucas for his kindness."

I set my jaw, my nostrils flaring. Lucas. The one I was looking for this entire time, who somehow has my med bottles and has taken great pleasure in taunting me. Beyond Lucas' back, Jazzie appears, wide eyed and shaking her head. *Don't admit defeat.* But what am I supposed to do? This isn't fiction; this is real life. One that's rapidly being flushed down the toilet, so at some point, I need to admit defeat.

"Thank you, Lucas," I grit through my teeth. I'm released so fast, I stumble into the open archway, clinging to keep myself

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Exploring the Variety of Random Documents with Different Content

[303] William Dunlap, *History of the Rise and Progress of the Arts of Design in the United States* ([Bibl. No. 59](#)), vol. ii, p. 402 (New York, 1834).

[304] The Boat-tailed Grackle, vol. i, plate iv.

[305] He seems, however, to have supplied Bonaparte liberally with notes, for after devoting fifteen pages to the biography of the Wild Turkey, Audubon said: "A long account of this remarkable bird has already been given in Bonaparte's American Ornithology, volume I. As that account was in a great measure derived from notes furnished by myself, you need not be surprised, good reader, to find it often in accordance with the above." *Ornithological Biography* ([Bibl. No. 2](#)), vol. i, p. 16.

[306] Edward Harris was born at Morristown, New Jersey, in 1799, where he died in 1863. Without the incentive to earn money or the ambition to acquire fame, he lived the life of a gentleman of leisure, devoted to natural history, to sport and to the cultivation of his paternal acres. He had the gift of friendship, was widely traveled, wrote charming letters, and kept careful records of his observations, but rarely published anything. The breeding of fine stock was one of his hobbies, and as a result of a journey to Europe in 1839, when he visited a horse fair in Normandy, he is credited with having first introduced the Norman breed into America. "The beneficent results of his quiet, unobtrusive life," says an appreciative biographer, "reach down to our time, and, after half a century, we are glad that Edward Harris lived." See biographical sketch by George Spencer Morris, in *Cassinia*, vol. vi (Philadelphia, 1902).

[307] See [Chapter XII, p. 179](#).

[308] Written by Dr. Edmund Porter of Frenchtown, New Jersey, to Dr. Thomas Miner of Haddam, Connecticut, on October 25, 1825. See Witmer Stone, "Some Philadelphia Ornithological Collections and Collectors, 1784-1850," *The Auk*, vol. xvi (New York, 1899).

[309] Thomas Sully (1783-1872), Englishman by birth, who had come to America at an early age, and like Audubon had

waged a bitter struggle before success was achieved, became one of the first portrait painters of the early American School.

In 1831 Sully wrote to Audubon that his success in England and France had charmed all of his friends in America, that it was like a personal triumph to them, and that it would soon silence his few remaining enemies; "Be true to yourself, Audubon," he added, "and never doubt of success." It has been said that when Audubon first came to Philadelphia in 1824 he applied to Sully for instruction, saying that he wished to become a portrait painter (see Dunlap, *op. cit.*); again that he was ready to sell his drawings to the highest bidder; but the records of his journals from 1820 onward are sufficiently consistent to show what his purpose really was.

[310] For the favor of examining a collection of interesting autograph letters written to Audubon in Europe and America, some of which are here reproduced, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. Henry R. Howland, secretary of the Buffalo Society of Natural Sciences. This note was written on a narrow strip of manila-colored drawing paper.

[311] See [Chapter XI](#).

[312] See [Bibliography, Nos. 15](#) and [16](#).

[313] See Lucy Audubon, ed., *Life of John James Audubon, the Naturalist* ([Bibl. No. 73](#)), p. 107.

[314] See [Vol. I, p. 219](#).

[315] Probably first published in a newspaper, and reprinted in pamphlet form, dated "April 9, 1846"; see [Bibliography, No. 42](#).

[316] Miss Jennett Benedict in 1836 became Mrs. Butts; the crayon portrait which Audubon made at this time was carefully treasured by her daughter, the late Mrs. Frederick A. Sterling, of Cleveland, Ohio, to whose kindness I am indebted for the privilege of reproducing it. This original drawing, which is presumably a fair specimen of Audubon's itinerant portraiture, was made on a sheet of buff, water-marked paper, 14½ by 10½

inches in dimensions; it was outlined in pencil, and carefully finished in crayon-point; its legend "J. J. Audubon-1824," was inserted in pencil, in a very fine hand at the lower margin of the sketch. The Colson store was at the corner of Water Street and south of Cherry Alley. For an account of this incident I am indebted to Mrs. Sterling, and to an article in the *Tribune Republican*, of Meadville, for February 7, 1907.

[317] *Ornithological Biography*, vol. i, p. xi.

[318] The Jeanes MSS.; see [Note, Vol. I, p. 180](#).

[319] "Shipping Port," as the village below the rapids or falls of the Ohio was then called, was joined to Louisville by the Louisville and Portland Canal, a channel two and one-half miles long, in 1830, two years after the city received its charter. The "Louisville" or "Portland" cement, a name now applied to the product of a considerable district, was first manufactured at Shipping Port, in 1829, for the construction of this canal.

[320] Audubon's 1826 manuscript journal, which I examined through the courtesy of Miss Maria R. Audubon in 1914, was written, mostly in pencil, in a ruled blank book, of similar size and quality to that used on the Ohio River in 1820-21 (see [Note, p. 307](#)), and was illustrated with a number of pencil sketches, chiefly of fishes. On page 2 was a rough outline sketch of first mate Sam L. Bragdon, of Wells, Maine, reading in the booby hatch; to his kindness Audubon paid a written tribute; there was also a drawing of a "Balacuda [Barracouta] Fish, June 17, 1826;" of a "Shark, 7 ft. long; off Cuba, Jn. 18" ([see reproduction](#)); and of a "Dolphin; Gulph of Florida, May 28;" other sketches were of a line or "thread-winder," a Flying Fish, and outlines of the Cuban coast.

Audubon presented a sketch of the "Dolphin" to Captain Hatch, whose vessel, the *Delos*, went down on the Grand Banks of Newfoundland in the summer of 1831, but not until her crew and valuables had been transferred to another boat that stood by. (For this note I am indebted to Miss Maria R. Audubon.)

[321] Addressed "*General Lafayette*,
Paris ou Lagrange."

Translated from the French original, kindly sent to me by Mr. Ruthven Deane.

[322] For an account of Audubon's meeting with Nolte see [Chapter XVIII](#).

[323] Dr. Thomas Stuart Traill, after whom one of our common flycatchers was named, was a founder of the Royal Institution at Liverpool, and later a professor of medical jurisprudence at Edinburgh. When the keepership of the Department of Natural History in the British Museum became vacant through the resignation of Dr. Leech in 1822, Dr. Traill supported William Swainson for the position; when George J. Children received the appointment, he was disinclined to accept defeat, and entered upon a crusade against the Museum's trustees in a series of anonymous articles contributed to the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster* Reviews. Traill's exposure of the neglect which the natural-history collections had suffered in the custody of the British Museum paved the way to a separate Department of Zoology, which in the able hands of John E. Gray, and later in those of Sir Richard Owen, led to the present great Museum of Natural History at South Kensington.

[324] In dedicating the *Sylvia rathbonia* Audubon said: "Were I at liberty here to express the gratitude which swells my heart, when the remembrance of all the unmerited kindness and unlooked-for friendship which I have received from the Rathbones of Liverpool comes to my mind, I might produce a volume of thanks. But I must content myself with informing you, that the small tribute of gratitude which it is alone in my power to pay, I now joyfully accord, by naming after them one of those birds, to the study of which all my efforts have been directed. I trust that future naturalists, regardless of the feelings which have guided me in naming this species, will continue to it the name of the *Rathbone Warbler*."

[325] Named after John Stevens Henslow, Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge, whom Audubon had met in 1828, when Charles Darwin was still his pupil.

[326] This seal, the design of which has since been adapted for a bookplate, was long in use, and though at one time lost, is still in possession of the family. A copy of the large original, which was to serve as his first plate, was presented to the Royal Institution of Liverpool as an acknowledgment of its hospitality, for it had refused remuneration in any other form.

[327] See [Note, Vol. I, p. 375](#).

[328] The plates as issued, untrimmed, measured 39½ by 29½ inches; see [Bibliography, No. 1](#).

[329] See [Note, Vol. II, p. 197](#). Incidentally it may be noticed that the "tiger swallowtail" in this plate was possibly added for effect, for few of our birds, which habitually hunt moths, ever prey upon butterflies. I have seen the cabbage butterfly and a few of the smaller kinds brought to the nests of the Chebec and Wood Pewee but never a "monarch" or "papilio"; yet some affirm that the Kingbird will attack the "monarch."

[330] Translated from *Études sur la Littérature et les Mœurs des Anglo-Américains au XIXe siècle*, "Audubon," pp. 66-106 (Paris, 1851). Philarète-Chasles, who wrote chiefly on American, English and European authors and books, has seventy volumes credited to him in the National Library at Paris.

[331] P. A. Cap, in *L'Illustration* for 1851. Cap's hint was taken by Eugène Bazin, who translated copious selections from the *Ornithological Biography*, which were published in two volumes in Paris in 1857 (see [Bibliography, No. 38](#)).

[332] See Maria R. Audubon, *Audubon and his Journals* ([Bibl. No. 86](#)).

[333] Audubon's copy of this oil painting remained in the possession of his family until a few years ago, when it was sold for a much greater amount. It now adorns the beautiful ornithological museum of Mr. John E. Thayer, at South Lancaster, Massachusetts; it represents a cock and hen turkey in life size, adapted from the subjects of his two most famous plates, and is in an admirable state of preservation. Mr. Thayer's collection also

embraces Audubon's large canvas of the Black Cocks, from the Edward Harris estate, a charming study of the Hen Turkey, with landscape setting, and, also in oils, several smaller panels of Flickers and Passenger Pigeons, which, if not the work of the naturalist, are copies after his originals, and possibly made by Joseph B. Kidd. (See [Vol. I, p. 446](#); and for a notice of Mr. Thayer's other Audubonian drawings, [Vol. II, p. 227](#), and [Appendix II](#).)

[334] Basil Hall (1788-1844), noted for his travels in China, Korea, and on the coasts of Chili, Peru and Mexico, visited the United States in 1827-28; his *Travels in North America* appeared in 1829.

[335] See [Chapter XXVIII](#).

[336] Maria R. Audubon, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 204.

[337] Which I owe to the kindness of his granddaughter, Miss Maria R. Audubon; it is superscribed "Mrs. Audubon, St. Francisville, Bayou Sarah, Louisville, p Wm Penn;" it reached New Orleans on June 13, and is endorsed as answered on June 23.

[338] John Woodhouse Audubon at this time was in his fifteenth year, and this injunction regarding the internal anatomy of birds, to which ornithologists had hitherto paid but little attention, was given three years before his father made the acquaintance of MacGillivray. (See [Chapter XXX](#).)

[339] See [Chapter XXV](#).

[340] The work, as originally announced, was to appear in parts of 5 plates each, at 2 guineas a part, and in order to distribute the expense to purchasers it was expected to issue but 5 parts a year. The plates, to be engraved on copper, were of double elephant folio size, and printed on paper of the finest quality, all the birds and flowers to be life-size, and to be carefully colored by hand, after the originals; any subscriber was at liberty to take a part or the whole. It was stated in the prospectus of 1829, when 10 parts had been published: "There are 400 Drawings, and it is proposed that they shall comprise Three

Volumes, each containing 133 Plates, to which an Index will be given at the end of each, to be bound up with the volume.... It would be advisable for the subscriber to procure a Portfolio, to keep the Numbers till a volume is completed." To avoid the expense entailed by copyright regulations in England, indices and all other letterpress were eventually omitted; the number of parts was extended to 87, or 435 plates, and the number of volumes to 4, a necessity imposed by the discovery of many new birds, even after the omission of the figures of the eggs, which Audubon had reserved for the close, and the undue crowding of many of his final plates. The "Prospectus" issued with the first volume of the text in 1831 contained a list of the first 100 plates, together with extracts of reviews by Cuvier and Swainson, and a list of subscribers to the number of 180. For further details, see [Bibliography, No. 1](#), and [Appendix III, No. 2](#).

[341] *Illustrations of British Ornithology*, by Prideaux John Selby. The British Museum copy of this work is in two large folio volumes (measuring about 25½ by 20½ inches), and was issued originally in numbers which appeared at irregular intervals. Vol. I, plates i-iv (of bills, heads, and feet), i-c (of land birds); most of the plates are by Selby, and many were etched by him and autographed, 1819-1821; plates xiv, xvi, and xx are by Captain R. Mitford, whose home, "Mitford Castle," near Morpeth, Northumberland, was visited by Audubon in April, 1827; published at Edinburgh by Archibald Constable & Co., and by Hurst, Robinson & Co., London, 1825(?) - 1827. Volume II, plates i-ciii; printed for the Proprietor & published by W. H. Lizars, Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, Green & Longman, London; and W. Curry, Junr. & Co., Dublin, MDCCCXXXIV. Quaritch, in offering a copy in 1887, at £55, stated that there were 383 figures, in 221 colored plates, and that the published price was £105. Newton (*Dictionary of Birds*, p. 27) says that the first series of these "Illustrations" was published in coöperation with Sir William Jardine, in 3 volumes of 150 plates, in 1827-1835, after which a second series was started by them, and completed in a single volume of 53 plates, issued in 1843. This was the "job book" mentioned earlier in this chapter (see [p. 358](#)), but neither Jardine's nor Jameson's name is mentioned in the volumes which I have examined.

In a letter to Audubon, dated "Sept. 13^h 1830 Twizel [I?] House," and postmarked "Belford," Selby said: "I expect to bring my own work to a conclusion during the course of this winter having only the plates of another Number to finish. I am happy to add that the Work is doing well & is more than paying itself. The second Vol: of letter press will appear with the last N^o."

Two volumes of text were published in 1825 and 1833 respectively; the first, after readjustment to fit the "quinarian doctrine," to which Selby was a temporary convert (see [Vol. II, p. 94](#)), was issued in a second edition at London, in 1841; the second volume bore the imprint of Lizars, who soon after began to work for Audubon.

Selby's plates were for the most part rather crudely drawn, etched and colored, and could be commended only as the work of amateurs who strove for accuracy.

[\[342\]](#) Among the sixty or more persons to whom Audubon carried written credentials at this time were the following: the Duke of Northumberland, Robert Peel, Sir Humphry Davy, Sir J. D. Aukland, Albert Gallatin, the American Minister, Sir Thomas Lawrence, David Wilkie, Dr. Buckland, Dr. Holland, Dr. Roget, Dr. Wollaston, William Swainson, Sir William Herschel, and his son, afterwards Sir John Herschel, John George Children, R. W. Hay, N. A. Vigors, Captain Cook, John Murray and Robert Bakewell (see [Vol. II, p. 134](#)).

[\[343\]](#) Probably the same that is referred to in his journals as "Mr. Hays, the antiquarian."

[\[344\]](#) J. G. Children (1777-1852) was early interested in chemistry, and at Tunbridge built a good laboratory, in which Humphry Davy conducted many of his early experiments, and while there was seriously injured in October, 1812. In 1824 Children discovered a method of extracting silver without the use of mercury. When Mr. Children, Senior, became insolvent through the failure of his bank, his son obtained a position at the British Museum; in 1816 he was librarian in the Department of Antiquities, but in 1823 he was transferred to a post in zoölogy which was eagerly sought by William Swainson; he was secretary

of the Royal Society in 1826-27, and again in 1835-37. He resigned his position at the Museum in 1840, when Swainson was again an unsuccessful candidate, and was succeeded by J. E. Gray (see [Note, Vol. I, p. 353](#)). Children was not a productive zoölogist, but has been described as a lovable soul, who was never soured by illness or other misfortunes, and who was as zealous in his friendships as in science. See "A. A." (Anna Atkins), *Memoir of J. G. Children, Esq.* ([Bibl. No. 175](#)).

[345] In the account which follows, as well as in numerous instances in [Chapter XXXII](#), I am most indebted to George Alfred Williams, who in "Robert Havell, Junior, Engraver of Audubon's *The Birds of America*," ([Bibl. No. 232](#)) (*Print-Collectors Quarterly*, vol. vi, no. 3, pp. 225-259, Boston, 1916), has given the only satisfactory account of the Havell family and the best analysis of the work of the great engraver.

[346] Mr. Charles E. Goodspeed, who recently sent me two of the original plates of the Prothonotary Warbler, one bearing the legend "Engraved by W. H. Lizars Edin^r," and the other, "Engraved, Printed & Coloured, by R. Havell Jun^r," called attention to the identity of the two engravings. That these two impressions are absolutely identical in aquatint and line is proved by applying a magnifying glass to any part of their surfaces, and by counting and comparing the lines or dots within any selected area whatsoever; in short, they differ only in their legends, and in the coloring which was applied by different hands. That such methods should have been adopted for excluding Lizars' name is certainly surprising. In the first or Edinburgh impression of Lizars' original plate, the artist's legend reads: "Drawn by J. J. Audubon M. W. S.," and names of bird and plant appear at the bottom of the plate in three lines: "PROTHONOTARY WARBLER. *Dacnis protonotarius*. Plant Vulgo Cane Vine." In the London edition the corresponding designations are: "Drawn from nature by J. J. Audubon F, R, S. F, L, S.," and PROTHONOTARY WARBLER. *Sylvia Protonotarius*. Lath, Male. 1. Female, 2. Cane Vine.," in four lines.

[347] See [Chapter XXXII](#).

[348] See *ibid.*

[349] See Sir Walter Besant, *London in the Nineteenth Century* (London, 1909).

[350] See Maria R. Audubon, *Audubon and his Journals* ([Bibl. No. 86](#)), vol. i, p. 342, where the "Eagle and the Lamb" is reproduced.

[351] See [Vol. I, p. 436](#).

[352] See [Chapter XXVIII](#).

[353] The seventh which he had contributed to the scientific press of Europe, entitled "Notes on the Bird of Washington (Falco Washingtoniana), or Great Sea Eagle," now believed to have been mistaken by him for an immature stage of the true "bird of freedom," the White-headed Eagle. It was dated "London, April, 1828," and was published in Loudon's *Magazine* for July of that year. See [Bibliography, No. 23](#).

[354] From the originals in possession of the Linnæan Society of London. Swainson's scientific correspondence was taken with him to New Zealand, where it remained fifty years, until returned by his daughter, who sent it to Sir Joseph Hooker; it was finally purchased by a number of Fellows of the Society, and presented to its historical collections. It consists of 934 letters written by 236 correspondents, from 1806 to 1840. Of the 24 letters written by Audubon, and dated 9 April, 1829, to 11 January, 1838, none has been previously published. Dr. Albert Günther, who has given a summary of their contents (*Proceedings of the Linnæan Society*, 112th Session, 1900; [Bibliography, No. 204](#)) found them rather disappointing, since they dealt mainly with personal and domestic matters, and were written in a style characterized as "fantastic and unnatural." Through the kindness of my esteemed friend, George E. Bullen, Esq., of the Hertfordshire County Museum, St. Albans, and through the courtesy of the Council of the Linnæan Society and its secretary, Dr. Daydon Jackson, I am able to reproduce transcripts of the most interesting of these letters, which readers in America will, I believe, find interesting because of their personal details. I am indebted also for their good offices to John Hopkinson, F.L.S., and to William Rowan, Esq.

From the context of the nine letters which are here reproduced without change, it is evident that Audubon paid little attention to grammar, syntax, or orthography, but if the reader will compare the letters written before and after 1830, or before and after his first serious discipline in English composition (see [Chapters XXIII](#) and [XXIX](#)), he will find marked improvement in all these respects.

[355] Swainson's house has been kindly identified by my friend, Mr. George E. Bullen, to whom I am indebted also for an interesting photograph, taken from an old print. Mrs. Swainson, who died February 12, 1835, was buried in the parish church, with which she was closely identified, at London Colney, and a tablet to her memory is still to be seen there. Swainson probably preferred the historic associations of Tyttenhanger, a name originally applied to the manor and manor house of the Abbot of St. Albans, a famous abbey property acquired before the Conquest, with a history extending over six hundred years, but he did not live there. The oldest resident now on the spot, a man over ninety, told Mr. Bullen that as a boy he often collected butterflies, moths and other specimens of natural history which he took to "Highfield Hall," and was always paid by one of the Swainson children. Since Swainson's time the original house, which was approached by a long walk, has become almost unrecognizable, having received an addition to one side; the grass land which then surrounded it has been converted into beautiful lawns.

[356] See [Bibliography, No. 95](#).

[357] See [Chapter XXIX](#).

[358] See [Vol. II, p. 130](#).

[359] See [Note, Vol. I, p. 364](#).

[360] *Fauna Boreali-Americana; or the Zoology of the northern parts of British America*; Part Second, "The Birds;" by William Swainson and John Richardson (London, 1831).

[361] Maria R. Audubon, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 306.

[362] See [Vol. I, p. 3](#).

[363] Maria R. Audubon, *op. cit.*, vol. i, p. 323.

[364] See [Bibliography, No. 93a](#).

[365] The three volumes of this series bear date of 1832-33, but the preface is inscribed "Tittenhanger Green St. Albans, 24th July, 1829."

[366] Mary F. Bradford, *Audubon* ([Bibl. No. 85](#)).

[367] Published originally by Ruthven Deane ([Bibl. No. 218](#)), *The Auk*, vol. xxii, 1905.

[368] See "The Great Pine Swamp," and "Great Egg Harbour," *Ornithological Biography* ([Bibl. No. 2](#)), vol. i, p. 52, and vol. iii, p. 606.

[369] Though the year is not usually indicated on the originals, the following drawings probably belong to this period:

Black Poll Warbler, New Jersey, May.
Wood Pewee Flycatcher, New Jersey, May.
Small Green-crested Flycatcher, New Jersey, May.
Golden-crowned Thrush, New Jersey, May.
Warbling Flycatcher, *Vireo gilvus*, New Jersey, May 23.
Yellow-breasted Chat, New Jersey, June 7.
Sea Side Finch, Great Egg Harbour, June 14.
Marsh Wren, New Jersey, June 22.
Bay-winged Bunting, Great Egg Harbour, June 26.
Canada Flycatcher, Great Pine Swamp, August 1.
Pine Swamp Warbler, Great Pine Swamp, August 11.
Black and Yellow Warbler, Great Pine Swamp, August 12.
Hemlock Warbler, Great Pine Swamp, August 12.
Autumnal Warbler, Great Pine Swamp, August 20.
Connecticut Warbler, New Jersey, September 22.
Mottled Owl, New Jersey, October.

[370] Though Audubon said that he spent only six weeks in the forest, the indications upon his drawings imply a longer period.

[371] At this time Audubon intended to figure, in full size and natural colors, the eggs of the "Birds of America," for which the concluding numbers of his plates had been reserved, but when the time came, these numbers had to be given over to new acquisitions, so the eggs were eventually crowded out.

[372] At one time in possession of Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, who received it from Mrs. Audubon; given verbatim by Elliott Coues ([Bibl. No. 43](#)), *Bulletin of the Nuttall Ornithological Club*, vol. v, 1880.

[373] Harlan's Hawk, or the Black Warrior, is now regarded as a southern variety of the Red-tailed Hawk, and is designated under the trinomen, *Buteo borealis harlani*.

[374] Published by Ruthven Deane ([Bibl. No. 217](#)), *The Auk*, vol. xxii, 1905.

[375] Thomas B. Thorpe ([Bibl. No. 64](#)), *Godey's Lady's Book*, vol. xlii, 1851.

[376] While in Paris in 1828, Audubon wrote on October 26 that he had received a call from "a M. Pitois, who came to look at my book, with a view to becoming my agent here; Baron Cuvier recommended him strongly, and I have concluded a bargain with him. He thinks he can procure a good number of subscribers. His manners are plain, and I hope he will prove an honest man." See Maria R. Audubon, *Audubon and his Journals* ([Bibl. No. 86](#)), vol. i, p. 339.

[377] Henry Augustus Havell, a younger brother of Robert Havell, Junior; see [Vol. II, p. 191](#).

[378] See Lucy B. Audubon, ed., *Life of John James Audubon, the Naturalist* ([Bibl. No. 73](#)), p. 203. Since black slaves were the only domestics available in the South at that time, it is probable that the "servants" referred to were employed by Mrs. Audubon at her "Beechgrove" school.

[379] See [Vol. I, p. 396](#).

[380] See [Vol. II, p. 38](#).

[381] His correspondence with William Swainson from this point, and the history of his letterpress so far as that naturalist was concerned, will be unfolded later (see [Chapter XXIX](#)).

[382] See [Chapter XXVIII, p. 87](#).

[383] See [Chapter XXX](#).

[384] The first volume of the *Ornithological Biography* in the European edition bears the imprint of "Adam Black, 55 North Bridge, Edinburgh;" in the four subsequent volumes this was changed to "Adam and Charles Black," while the entire work was printed by "Neill & Co., Printers, Old Fish Market, Edinburgh." See [Bibliography, No. 2](#).

[385] *American Ornithology, or the Natural History of the Birds of the United States*. By Alexander Wilson and Charles Lucien Bonaparte. Edited by Robert Jameson ... Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. Appearing as vols. lxxviii-lxxi of *Constable's Miscellany*, 4 vols., 18mo., Edinburgh and London, 1831. This was the fourth (?) edition of Wilson's work, and the first (?) to appear in Europe; with portrait of Wilson and vignettes on titles engraved by Lizars, memoir of Wilson by W. M. Hetherington, and extracts from Audubon, Richardson, and Swainson.

The plates of this edition were issued in numbers, under title of *Illustrations of American Ornithology*; reduced from the work of Wilson; 18mo., Edinburgh and London (1831). In a notice of the first number which appeared in the *Caledonian Mercury* (Edinburgh) for Oct. 29, 1831, it was stated that the plates were issued in small size to be bound up with Jameson's edition of the text, and that they were intended "for a different class of purchasers from those likely to take the folio edition, then being brought out by the publishers of *Constable's Miscellany*. The plates were engraved in line and executed in a very superior style, both plain and colored."

[386] *American Ornithology; or Natural History of the Birds of the United States*, by Alexander Wilson, with a Continuation by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Musignano. The Illustrative Notes and Life of Wilson by Sir William Jardine, 3 vols., 8vo., London and Edinburgh, 1832.

The second (?) European edition of Wilson and Bonaparte, with 97 hand-colored plates engraved by Lizars. The *Caledonian Mercury* in noticing the work, October 29, 1831, said: "It must be highly gratifying to the friends and connections of poor Sandy Wilson to see such honor, at last, paid to his memory in his native land."

[387] *Illustrations of the American Ornithology of Alexander Wilson and Charles Lucien Bonaparte, Prince of Musignano*. With the addition of numerous Recently Discovered Species, and Representations of the Whole Sylva of North America. By Captain Thomas Brown [etc., etc.]. Folio, with engraved title, engraved dedication, index, and 124 engraved and hand-colored plates. Edinburgh, Frazer & Co., 54 North Bridge, William Curry, Jun'r & Co., Dublin & Smith, Elder & Co., 65 Cornhill, London, MDCCCXXXV.

It is stated by the editor of this extraordinary work that he had added 161 birds, and that 87 have been considerably enlarged. There are 167 representations of American trees and shrubs, said to have been copied for the most part from Michaux's *Silva*. The striking *Hibiscus grandiflorus* (plate xli) was taken without acknowledgment from Audubon's drawing of the Blue-winged Warbler (*The Birds of America*, plate xx). For the most part the figures of birds are redrawn from Wilson and Bonaparte and given new positions and backgrounds. A few of the plates, as that of the California Vulture (no. 1), bear the legend, "Drawn by Captn. Tho. Brown;" all are uneven, and many extremely poor in execution, the fourteen by W. H. Lizars being the best. J. B. Kidd, for a time associated with Audubon (see [Vol. I, p. 446](#)) is credited with four plates; other engravers employed on the work were James Turvey, who executed the elaborate title, Samuel Milne, James Mayson, R. Scott, J. & J. Johnstone, E. Mitchell, William Davie, S. A. Miller, John Miller, Audw. Kilgour, Wm. Warwick, and

W. McGregor. Plate xiv, the Snowy Owl, *Strix nyctea*, engraved by the editor, has the interest of a caricature. Some plates show as many as fourteen birds in a medley of brilliant foliage, flowers and fruits. The violence of the coloring is often such as to destroy the effect of the best plates, and gaudy butterflies flit through the pages as if they were the common food of every species, not excluding the American grouse (see [Note, Vol. I, p. 359](#)).

Captain Brown's *Illustrations* were said by a writer in the *Edinburgh Literary Journal* for April 9, 1831, "to form a companion to the letterpress in *Constable's Miscellany* (see [Note, Vol. I, p. 442](#)); price, colored, 15 shillings; plain, 10s. 6d. A few in elephant folio (same size as Selby's *British Ornithology*); colored, 1 guinea. To be completed in 10 parts, each containing 5 colored plates; 22 inches long by 17 inches broad, being considered more than double the size of the original work." The first number of this work was reviewed in the *London Literary Gazette* for October 8, 1831, when it was said that in it were represented 25 birds, 13 forest trees, and 12 insects; the completed work would comprehend "all the forest trees of America, with their fruits, together with the principal insects of the country," as well as all the birds that had been discovered up to the time of issue.

Brown's piratical work must have had a very limited circulation, since it is now so rare that not even the British Museum possesses a copy, and, so far as known, it is not found in any public library of the United States. I was told at Wheldon's, the London shop devoted to works on natural history, that but two copies had ever been handled, and that they commanded a high price. The work was originally sold at £26. The only copy known to me is in the library of the Zoological Society in London, from which the present citation is made; on one of its fly-leaves is written this note: "I have seen the wrapper of No. 1 of this work. It is dated 1831. There is no information as to its contents. C. Davis Sanborn. 22.5.05." This copy was referred to by Dr. Theodore Gill; see *The Osprey*, vol. v, pp. 31 and 109 (Washington, 1900 and 1901). Dr. Walter Faxon has traced two other copies, one formerly in possession of Professor Alfred Newton, and another, but very imperfect set, in a private library at Tarrytown, New York. According to Faxon, a single brown

paper wrapper preserved in the Tarrytown copy bears a full printed title, which differs, however, from that which was subsequently engraved for the completed work; for fuller citation, see "A Rare Work on American Ornithology," *The Auk*, vol. xx (1903), pp. 236-241.

Mr. Ruthven Deane has written me that several years ago he secured in New York a fragment of this work, consisting of the paper wrappers of four Parts, Nos. 1-4, the last three of which contained five plates each; there were in addition 10 scattered plates, making 25 plates in all; the price of "21 Shillings" is printed on each of the wrappers, which also bear the date "1831," but no titles.

Another pirated work, *Illustrations of the Genera of Birds*, by the same author, was begun in 1845, but met with even less success, and was never completed; this was taken from *A List of the Genera of Birds*, published in 1840 by George Robert Gray, and according to Alfred Newton (*A Dictionary of Birds*, London, 1896, p. 30, note) was "discreditable to all concerned with it."

[388] See Ruthven Deane ([Bibl. No. 209](#)), *The Auk*, vol. xviii (1901). The extract is from a letter dated "Edinburgh, 22 Warriston Crescent 7th May, 1831."

[389] Kidd, who was twenty-three at the time he began to work for Audubon, died in 1889, when he had attained his eighty-first year.

[390] See [Chapter XXVII, p. 62](#).

[391] An indication of the time of this visit is given by the following inscription written in the copy of the first volume of the *Ornithological Biography*, which was presented to Cuvier at this time:

To
Baron G. Cuvier,
with the highest respect of the
author.—
Paris—17 th. May, 1831.

[392] On Wednesday evening, July 27, 1831, Audubon sent the following note to Mr. Harris: "Come to meet me *tomorrow, precisely at twelve* o'clock, at our lodgings, 121 Great Portland street."

[393] For the perusal of this letter the reader is indebted, as in so many other instances, to Mr. Ruthven Deane.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK AUDUBON THE
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